ACTÆON

AND

DIANA:

WITH A

Paſtoral STORY

Of the NYMPH

OENONE:

FOLLOW'D

By the ſeveral conceited HUMOURS

OF

Bumpkin, the Huntſman,
Hobbinall, the Shepherd,
Singing *Simpkin*,

AND

John Swabber, the Seaman.

In Four INTERLUDES.

DUBLIN:

Printed, and Sold by the Editor W. R. CHETWOOD, in the *Four-court-marſhalſea*; Meſſrs. G. and A. EWING, P. WILSON, H. HAWKER, and S. PRICE, in *Dame-ſtreet*; G. FAULKNER, and A. LONG, in *Eſſex-ſtreet*; J. HOEY, in *Skinner-row*; and J. ESDALL, on *Cork-hill*, Bookſellers. MDCCL.

BRITISH MUSEUM

AN

ACCOUNT

OF THE

AUTHOR.

MR. ROBERT COX, was a Comedian of reputation, but, when the ſtage was ſilenced, he, with many other ſuffering brothers, were obliged to fly the capital city, and, for a livelyhood, ſeek out places in the country, where the cavalier party had ſome little power, where they perform'd their ſhort dramatic pieces. The following

following Interludes were wrote for this purpoſe, and many more by the ſame author, which may be found in the ſecond part of SPORT upon SPORT. *

* SPORT upon SPORT, are a collection of the moſt celebrated ſcenes out of plays, and printed in one volume, 1659, and 1672.

To

To all the worthy-minded *Gentry*.

Gentlemen, and *Ladies*,

IF your ſerious occaſions will permit me ſo much honour, that this ſlight book may be accepted, and peruſed, I ſhall juſtly acknowledge the favour to be far above either my hopes, or merit: And, if you ever vouchſafed your preſence, when it was preſented on the ſtage, I am confident, your no way erring judgments, will now allow it, as it then was intended, which was, rather to provoke a laughter, than occaſion a contemplation. It will, likewiſe, engage my grateful ſervice, if I be not, in your worthy opinions, tax'd of arrogance, to preſent my unpoliſh'd lines, when daily thoſe of excellence are offer'd to your eyes, and ears. But, in the confidence of your clemency, I ſubmit to the verdict of my grand jury: And, howſoever you are pleaſed to cenſure, will remain, as I ought, the humbleſt of your ſervants,

ROBERT COX.

The Names of the Perſons.

ACTÆON.

Three Huntſmen.

BUMPKIN, *an inferior.*

DIANA.

Five Nymphs.

Three Country Wenches.

ACTÆON

ACTÆON AND DIANA.

INTERLUDE the 1ſt.

Enter the firſt Huntſman, and Bumpkin, *very melancholy.*

1ſt Huntſman.

BUT tell me, fellow *Bumpkin*, what's the matter?
Thou that haſt formerly been heard to ſing,
As merrily, and ſweetly, as the cuckow;
But, by the poſture thou doſt now appear in,
Strangers will ſooner take thee for an aſs,
Than for a man of mettle.

Bumpk. It may be ſo.
And for my own part, I am not ſuch a fool, to think the contrary; nay, I would change condition with an aſs, and thank him too. Never was any man of parts ſo tumbled, jumbled, and rumbled, as poor *Bumpkin* is.

1ſt Huntſ. Why, what's the matter?

Bumpk. Nay, I know not, but every day, my great guts, and my ſmall guts, makes ſuch a combuſtion in my belly, as paſſes, and my puddings, like lances, runs a tilt at my heart, and makes me as queaſy ſtomach'd as a young green-ſickneſs girl, newly come to a big belly.

1ſt Huntſ. Canſt thou not gueſs the reaſon of this trouble?

Bumpk. Yes, I think I can, and I'll be judged by thee, if my caſe be not deſperate: I have a horrible mind to be in love.

1ſt Huntſ. With whom?

Bumpk. With any body; but I cannot find out the way how to be in love.

1ſt Huntſ. Why, I'll inſtruct thee. Canſt thou be melancholy?

Bumpk. Yes, as a dog, or a hog-louſe; I could even find in my heart to cry preſently.

1ſt Huntſ. Canſt thou ſleep well?

Bumpk. I cannot tell; I never ſaw myſelf ſleep.

1ſt Huntſ. Is it poſſible, that thou who haſt ſo long
Been an attendant on my lord *Actæon*,
Should'ſt be to learn the way to be in love?

Bumpk. I would it were not poſſible, on the condition thou wert hang'd and quarter'd.

1ſt Huntſ. I thank you, ſir; but, *Bumpkin*, liſt to me;
This day, thou know'ſt, the maids, and young men, meet,
To ſport, and revel it about the *May*-pole;
Preſent thyſelf there, tell thy cauſe of grief,
And I dare warrant thee a ſweet-heart, preſently.

Bump. If thou canſt do that, I'll marry her firſt, and learn to love her, afterwards.

1ſt Huntſ. Haſte thither, *Bumpkin*, I'll go on before.
[*Exit.*

Bumpk. And I will follow thee, a dog-trot.
Is it not pitty, that a man of authority, as I am, (having been chief dog-keeper to my lord *Actæon*, theſe five years) being a man ſo comely of perſon, and having ſuch a pure complexion, that all fair ladies may be aſham'd to

to look on me, and that I ſhould be diſtreſs'd for a ſweet-heart!

May-pole, I come, and if the wenches there, encreaſe my pains,
And ſcorn to love, I'll beat out all their brains.

Exit.

Enter the huntſmen, with three country wenches; as they come in, they ſing this ſong.

SONG.

1ſt Country Wench.

COME you young men, come along,
With your muſick, dance, and ſong;
Bring your laſſes in your hands,
For 'tis that which love commands.
Then to the May-*pole come away,*
For it is now a holiday.

It is the choice time of the year,
For the violets now appear;
Now the roſe receives its birth,
And pretty primroſe decks the earth.
Then to the May-*pole come away,*
For it is now a holiday.

Here each bachellor may chuſe
One that will not faith abuſe;
Nor repay, with cold diſdain,
Love, that ſhould be loved again.
Then to the May-*pole come away,*
For it is now a holiday.

And, when you well reckon'd have,
What kiſſes you, your ſweet-hearts gave;
Take them all again, and more;
It will never make them poor.
Then to the May-*pole come away,*
For it is now a holiday.

When you thus have ſpent the time,
'Till the day be paſt its prime,
To your beds repair at night,
And dream there of your day's delight.
Then to the May-*pole come away,*
For it is now a holiday.

2*d Co. Wench.* Is it poſſible? would *Bumpkin* be in love?

1*ſt Huntſ.* Yes, if he knew but how; and, for that ſickneſs,
I have undertaken to become his doctor;
For, at the *May*-pole meeting, 'tis decreed,
A ſweet-heart muſt be purchaſs'd, come what will on't.

3*d Co. Wench.* Nay, if he be diſtreſs'd, twenty to one, he may find charitable perſons there.

1*ſt Co. Wench.* What laſs, to ſuch a writhled faced companion!
One that, by's look, ſhews, that his father's orchard
Could yield no fruit, but crabs, or apple-Johns:
Should he be granted a prevailing ſuitor,
I ſhould not think it requiſite, or fitting,
Women, hereafter, ſhould enjoy their eyes:
Their very tongues too, ſhould be put to ſilence,
Only allow'd to rail at that vile perſon,
Who, by her choice of him, ſhamed the whole ſex.

2*d Co. Wench.* Nay, I would lay a heavier curſe upon her;
She ſhould not ſleep without a wanton dream,
And, waking, find no hopes of what ſhe dream'd.

2*d Huntſ.* That was a heavy curſe, and well conſider'd;
But could you find our fellow *Bumpkin*'s parts —

3*d Co. Wench.* He can loſe none, and who can find them, then?

3*d Huntſ.* Do you believe him fooliſh?

1*ſt Co. Wench.* It is a faith, that needs no confirmation.

1*ſt Huntſ.*

1*ſt Huntſ.* Laugh at him then, and we'll aſſiſt you in't; But do't with conſideration.

2*d Co. Wench.* So we will. — Heark, laſſes.

[*They whiſper.*

2*d Huntſ.* Now, if they be not hatching eggs of miſchief, let me be counted addle: What think you, ſirs?

Co. Wenches. Ha, ha, ha.

1*ſt Co. Wench.* And if he have not love enough, good *Cupid*,
Let me want love, when look'd for.

2*d Co. Wench.* In the mean time,
Let us not ſtarve our paſtimes. Pray, ſirs,
Begin the *May*-pole revels.

3*d Huntſ.* So we will.
Come, ſtrike up a farewel to misfortune.

Enter Bumpkin.

Bumpk. That's a dance that I could never hit off: Pray, deſiſt a while, and hear my doleful tale.

1*ſt Co. Wench.* He'll make us cry, ſure.

Bumpk. Be it known unto all men by theſe preſents —

2*d Co. Wench.* An obligation! — We'll be no witneſſes.

Bumpk. Why then, I'll hang myſelf.

3*d Co. Wench.* We will be witneſſes, then.

Bumpk. What! to my hanging! O' my conſcience, if I ſhould woo my heart out, I ſhould never be the fatter for it. Where's your promiſe now?

1*ſt Huntſ.* You have not yet expreſs'd yourſelf; be plain,
Tell them your grief, — a remedy will follow.

Bumpk. If that be all, 'tis but an eaſy matter. — Pray, take notice, that I am in love with — ſomebody.

2*d Co. Wench.* Would I were ſhe!

Bumpk. Why, ſo you are, if you have a mind to't.

2*d Co. Wench.* Why then, you are my own.

3*d Co. Wench.* Pardon me, ſiſter, I beſpake him yeſterday.

[*They all hang about him.*

Bumpk.

Bumpk. Yes, marry, did ſhe. [*Goes to her.*

1*ſt Co. Wench.* But I was ſhe that won him at the *May*-pole.

2*d Co. Wench.* Was that the cauſe you ſtrove ſo for the garland?

Bumpk. What's that to you? [*Goes to her.*

Would I had any one of them in quietneſs. [*Aſide.*

3*d Co. Wench.* But yet I muſt have ſhare.

1*ſt Co. Wench.* So muſt I too. [*All pull him.*

2*d Co. Wench.* I will not part without the better half.

Bump. Then, who ſhall have me whole? —— What, are you mad?

3*d Co. Wench.* There's reaſon for a madneſs, in this caſe.

1*ſt Co. Wench.* I will not loſe my right. Let go, I ſay.

2*d. Co. Wench.* He ſhall be mine, or elſe he ſhall be nothing.

Bumpk. Away, you burrs, why do you ſtick thus on me?
Now, by this hand, if nothing can perſuade you,
I'll drown myſelf for ſpight, that you may periſh.
[*Horn within.*

1*ſt Huntſ.* Heark! heark! my lord *Actæon*'s warning-piece!
That horn gives us intelligence, he does intend
To ſpend this day in hunting. *Bumpkin,* why ſtay you?
The hounds will quarrel with you; we'll come after.

1*ſt Co. Wench.* Will you not ſtay, my love?

Bumpk. I'll ſee you hang'd firſt; and, by this hand, e'er I will be in love again, I'll feed my hounds with my own proper carcaſs. [*Exit.*

2*d Co. Wench.* Now he is gone, our dancing may go forward.

2*d Huntſ.* My lord *Actæon* ſtays; be quick, I pray.

3*d Co. Wench* Quick as you will; the doing of it quick, makes it ſhew better. [*A country-dance, then Exeunt.*

Enter Actæon, *and* Bumpkin.

Act. Are all the hounds uncoupled? Let the woods,
Vallies, and hills, be fill'd with their ſweet muſick,

'Till

'Till the thick air, pierced by their harmony,
Return a willing echo: Let your cunning,
And care, in this day's hunting, be expreſs'd,
To make the world know, that *Actæon*'s pleaſure,
Is honour'd, and obey'd; be nimble, ſirrah.

Bumpk. Nimble? yes, as a bear that hath been lugg'd to purpoſe! If love be ſuch a troubleſome companion, I will entreat him to keep out of my company.

Act. Where are your fellows? we conſume the day,
That ſhould be ſpent in ſport, with idleneſs.
Go find them out, and tell them of my purpoſe.

Enter the three huntſmen.

Bumpk. They have ſaved me a labour.

Act. Fy! what mean you?
The glory of this day, calls us to action:
The wild inhabitants of theſe fair woods,
Are to be inſtructed; they muſt fear our javelins:
Our ſloth will make them careleſs.

1ſt Huntſ. Sir, you may pleaſe to know, that, yeſternight,
I lodg'd a boar within the neighbouring forreſt.

Bumpk. Yes, ſir, and I lodg'd a fox at houſe hard by.

1ſt Huntſ. His foamy tuſhes, did proclaim defiance
To all that would oppoſe him; his vaſt length,
And breadth, of wonder, cauſed me to believe,
Theſe woods ne'er bred his equal.

Act. He's then, a worthy ſubject for my javelin,
Whoſe glittering head, I'll bathe ſo long within him,
'Till I have dy'd it crimſon, with his blood:
Nor ſhall *Diana*'s ſelf, who, every day,
Honours theſe woods, with her fair train of nymphs,
Have power to raviſh, from my reſolute arm,
The glory of this conqueſt. In the mean time,
Let muſick's ſweet tunes in our breaſts, create
Deſire of *Actæon*, whilſt our active feet,
Nimbly beguiles our duller thoughts of power
To contradict our pleaſures. In the fall
Of this wild boar, lies honour for us all.

[*A dance with* Actæon, *and his huntſmen.* *Exeunt.*

A dance

A dance of Diana, *and her nymphs, in the latter end of which,* Actæon, *and his huntſmen, join with them; upon which,* Diana *ſays:*

Diana. This boldneſs ruins thee. [*Exeunt.*
Act. I'll follow, though my ruin do attend me.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Diana, *and her nymphs.*

Diana. The unbridled boldneſs of *Actæon*'s youth,
Merits a puniſhment to equalize
The nature of his crime! Saucy young man!
Too much preſuming of thy known deſerts!
Be witneſs ye, that have vow'd chaſtity,
How much he hath endeavour'd to eclipſe
The glory of our purity; for, to me,
And thoſe that are my votaries, honour's precepts
Muſt ſtrictly be obſerved: No balm can cure
The wound of reputation, when 'tis made
Upon thoſe boſoms that are vow'd to virtue.
Shall we reſolve his ruin?
1ſt Nymph. Gracious madam!
Mercy, with chaſtity, and beauty, join'd,
Are both with gods, and men, in eſtimation;
And, though his fault, beyond expreſſion, great,
Cries loudly on your wrath, to execute,
Yet, let his youth find pardon.
2d Nymph. It will prove your charity unequalled.
Diana. Your goodneſs, ſhall
Become example to my willing pity:
Therefore, if young *Actæon*, from this time,
Conſider his own ſafety, and my honour,
My vengeance ſhall be ſilent; but if, again,
He ſhall preſume to tempt his moſt ſad fate,
Ruin, as quick as light'ning, ſhall demoliſh
What nature did erect in him, for wonder:
That ſo from men, this truth may not be hid;
No one muſt covet what the gods forbid.

Undreſs

Undreſs you now, for, by this fountain's ſide,
Our garments from our bodies, we'll divide.

Enter Actæon.

Act. What wonders do I gaze on! — Might I thus
Be feaſted at my eyes 'till time grow old,
I would not wiſh a ſatisfaction
Of any other ſenſe. — Unkind *Diana*,
To be ſo much a miſer of thy beauties!
Love's laws cannot be perfect, 'till they part
Rebellion, from the confines of thy heart.

Diana. We are betray'd! —— Oh! chaſtity, defend us!

Act. 'Twas but a flattering bliſs, that did me cheriſh!
Fly, fly, *Actæon*, leſt thy life do periſh! [*Exit.*

Diana. Fool! think'ſt thou to eſcape? Know, that my will,
Has power to reach thee, though thou beſtrideſt a wind;
And, as by hunting, thy offence grew high,
So, by the hands of hunters, thou ſhalt die.
My will prevails! his head is circled round!
The largeſt hart e'er beat this forreſt ground:
And now, forbear this fountain, from henceforth:
Let my diſhonour dwell upon the ſpring!
The waters be corrupted! choak'd with mud!
Foul, and infectious, like to *Lethe*'s flood! [*Exeunt.*

[*A dance.*

Where Actæon *comes transform'd into the ſhape of a hart, his huntſmen purſue him, and, in the concluſion, kill him, and bear him away.*

Singing *SIMPKIN.*

INTERLUDE

The SECOND.

Names of the Perſons.

SIMPKIN, *a Clown.*

BLUSTER, *a roarer.*

An old Man.

His Wife.

A Servant.

Singing

Singing *SIMPKIN.*

INTERLUDE the 2d.

Enter the wife, Simpkin *following.*

WIFE.

BLIND *Cupid* hath made my heart for to bleed,
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Simp. But I know, a man can help you at need,
With a fa, la, la, la, la; fa, la, la, la, la, la.

Wife. My husband, he often a hunting goes out,
Fa, la, la, *&c.*

Simp. And brings home a great pair of horns, there's no doubt,
With a fa, la, la, la, *&c.*

Wife. Why, how now, monsieur *Simpkin,* why are you so sad?
Fa, la, la, *&c.*

Simp. I am up to the ears in love, and it makes me mad,
With a fa, la, la, la, *&c.*
I am vex'd, I am tortur'd, and troubled at heart,
Fa, la, la, *&c.*

Wife. But I'll try my ſkill to take off your ſmart,
With a fa, la, la, *&c.*
And on that condition, I give you a kiſs,
Fa, la, la, *&c.*

Simp. But what ſays your huſband when he hears of this?
With a fa, la, la, *&c.*

Wife. You know my affection, and no one knows more,
With a fa, la, la, *&c.* [*Knock within.*

Simp. Uds niggers noggers, who knocks at the door?
With a fa, la, la, *&c.*

Enter ſervant. The tune alters.

Serv. There is a royſter at the door, he ſeems a fellow ſtout.

Simp. I beſeech you worthy friend, which is the back way out?

Serv. He ſwears and tears he will come in,
And nothing ſhall him hinder. [*Exit.*

Simp. I fear he'll ſtrip me out my ſkin,
And burn it into tinder.

Wife. I have conſider'd of a way, and 'twill be ſure the beſt.

Simp. What may it be, my deareſt dear?

Wife. Creep into this ſame cheſt. [*A cheſt ſet out.*
And though he roar, ſpeak you no word,
If you'll preſerve my ſavour.

Simp. Shut to the cheſt, I pray, with ſpeed,
For ſomething has ſome ſavour.

Enter Bluſter.

Bluſt. I never ſhall be quiet, if ſhe uſe me in this faſhion.

Wife. I am here, to bid you welcome, what mean you by this paſſion?

Bluſt. With ſome young ſweet-faced fellow, I thought, gone out you were.

Simp. in the cheſt. No, ſooth, the ſweet-faced fellow is kept a priſoner here.

Bluſt.

Bluſt. Where is the fool thy huſband? ſay, whither is he gone?

Wife. The wittal is a hunting.

Bluſt. Then we two are alone:
But ſhould he come, and find me here,
What might the cuckold think?
Perhaps he'd call the neighbours in —

Simp. And beat you 'till you ſtink.

Bluſt. Yet, in the bloody war, full oft,
My courage I did try.

Wife. I know you have killed many a man.

Simp. You lie, you ſlut, you lie,

Bluſt. I never came before a foe,
By night, or yet by day,
But that I ſtoutly rouz'd myſelf —

Simp. And nimbly ran away.

Bluſt. Within this cheſt, I'll hide myſelf,
If it chance he ſhould come.

Wife. O no, my love, that cannot be.

Simp. I have beſpoke the room.

Wife. I have a place behind here,
Which yet is known to no man.

Simp. She has a place before too,
But that is all too common.

Old Man within. Wife, wherefore is the door thus barr'd?
What mean you pray by this?

Wife. Alas! it is my huſband.

Simp. I laugh now 'till I piſs.

Bluſt. Open the cheſt, I'll into it,
My life elſe it may coſt.

Wife. Alas! I cannot open it.

Simp. I believe the key is loſt.

Wife. I have bethought myſelf upon a dainty trick.

Bluſt. What may it be, my deareſt love?
I pr'ythee now, be quick.

Wife. You muſt ſay, that your enemy
Into this houſe is fled,
And that your heart can take no reſt,
Until that he be dead.

Draw quickly out your furious blade,
And ſeem to make a ſtrife;
Swear all the excuſes can be made,
Shall not preſerve his life:
Say that the rogue is fled in here,
That ſtole away your coin,
And, if I'll not deliver him,
You'll have as much of mine.

Bluſt. Here's no man but myſelf,
On whom ſhall I complain?

Wife. This great fool does not underſtand:
This thing you muſt but feign;
My huſband thus muſt be deceived,
And afterwards, we'll laugh.

Enter Old Man.

Old Man. Wife, ſince you will not open the door,
I'll break't open with my ſtaff.

Bluſt. Good woman, ſhew me to the ſlave!
His limbs! I ſtrait! will tear!

Wife. By all the honeſty I have,
There's no man came in here.

Bluſt. When I have fought to purchaſe wealth,
And with my blood did win it,
This rogue has got my purſe by ſtealth.

Simp. But never a penny in it.

Old Man. She's big with child, therefore, take heed
You do not fright my wife.

Bluſt. But know you who the father is?

Simp. The roarer, on my life.

Old Man. She knows not of your enemy,
Then get you gone you were beſt.

Wife. Peace, huſband, peace, I tell you truth,
I have hid him in the cheſt.

Old Man. I am glad on't at my heart,
But do not tell him ſo.

Wife. I would not for a thouſand pound,
The roarer ſhould it know.

Bluſt.

Bluſt. When next we meet, his life is gone,
No other muſt he hope;
I'll kill him whatſoe'er comes on't.
Simp. Pray, think upon a rope.
Old Man. What kind of perſon is it,
That in the cheſt does lie?
Wife. A goodly, handſome, ſweet, young man,
As e'er was ſeen with eye!
Old Man. Then let us both entreat of him.—
Pray, put us not in fear;
We do beſeech you go from hence.
Bluſt. But, to-morrow, I'll be here. [*Exit* Bluſter.
Old Man. Wife, run, with all the ſpeed you can,
And quickly ſhut the door;
I would not that the roaring man
Should come in any more.
Mean time, I will releaſe the youth,
And tell him how we have ſped.—
Be comforted, my honeſt friend.
[Simpkin *comes forth.*
Simp. Alas! I am almoſt dead!
My heart is tortured in my breaſt,
With ſorrow, fear, and pain.
Old Man. I'll fetch ſome aqua vitæ,
To comfort you again.
Simp. And, cauſe I will requite you,
Whoſe love doth ſo excel,
I'll graft a pair of horns on your head,
That may defend it well.
Wife. Good huſband, let the man ſtay here,
'Tis dangerous in the ſtreet.
Old Man. I would not for a crown of gold,
The roarer ſhould him meet:
For ſhould he come by any harm,
They'd ſay, the fault were mine.
Wife to *Simp.* There's half a crown, pray ſend him out,
To fetch a quart of wine.
Simp. There's money for you, ſir,—
Pray, fetch a quart of ſack.

Old Man.

Old Man. 'Tis well, 'Tis well, my honeſt friend,
I'll ſee you ſhall not lack.
Wife. But if he ſhould diſhoneſt me;
For there are ſuch ſlipp'ry men.
Old Man. Then he gets not, of his half-crown,
One penny back again. [*Exit.*
Simp. Thy huſband being gone, my love,
We'll ſing, we'll dance, and laugh;
I am ſure he is a good fellow,
And takes delight to quaff.
Wife. I'll fold thee in my arms, my love,
No matter for his liſt'ning.
[*Old Man, and his ſervant, liſtening.*
Simp. Gentlemen, ſome forty weeks hence,
You may come to a chriſt'ning.
Old Man. O, ſirrah, have I caught you?
Now, do the beſt you can;
Your ſchoolmaſter ne'er taught you
To wrong an honeſt man.
Simp. Good ſir, I never went to ſchool,
Then why am I abuſed?
The truth is, I am but a fool,
And like a fool am uſed.
Old Man. Yet, ſirrah, you had wit enough
To think to cuckold me.
Wife. I jeſted with him, huſband,
His knavery to ſee.
Simp. But now you talk of knavery,
I pray, where is my ſack?
Old Man. You ſhall want it in your belly, ſir,
And have it on your back.
[*They beat him off.* [*Exeunt Omnes.*

THE

THE BIRTH-DAY Of the NYMPH *OENONE.*

INTERLUDE The THIRD.

Names of the Perſons.

AMINTAS, } *Two Sheperds in love with*
DORILAS, } Oenone.

STREPHON, } *Two other Shepherds.*
DORUS, }

HOBBINAL, *a ruſtick Swain, conceited that* Oenone *is enamour'd of him.*

God PAN.

Satyrs.

OENONE.

AMARILLIS.

CLORIS.

PHILLIS.

THE

THE BIRTH-DAY Of the NYPMH OENONE.

INTERLUDE the 3d.

Enter Dorilas, *as coming to the place where* Oenone's *birth-day is to be celebrated.*

Dorilas.

THIS is the place; the way, methought, was long,
And my ſlow pace, did my affection wrong:
For, who is he that would not wing his haſte,
When by *Oenone*'s eyes he ſhall be grace'd?
Moſt potent ſheperdeſs, who haſt power t' enthral
Not only my poor heart alone, but all!
For every one that reigns here, ſtrives to be
Rather her captive than at liberty.

Her

Her eyes do perfectly two ſuns preſent,
And yet, but one, graces the firmament:
The colour of her lips doth juſtly ſhow
Like that of cherries, when they kindly grow;
And ſuch a form they have, they may entice
To think ſuch only grew in paradiſe.
The lambs are fatter that by her do feed,
And all her ewes, more frequently do breed
Than any ſhepherd's, and do yield each year,
A larger fleece than any other's bear;
As if ſhe brought a miracle to paſs,
And fed them, with her looks, more than the graſs.
If then, ſhe will, when other ſhepherds ſtand
To beg a favour from her eyes, or hand,
Eſteem me moſt, my poor heart then, will be
Taught the true ſenſe of a felicity:
But ſoft, — methinks, from yonder grove, I hear
Voices that are familiar to my ear:
I'll not go to them, for love ſays my duty
Is to attend none but *Oenone*'s beauty. *Exit.*

A DIALOGUE ſung between Dorus *the Shepherd, and* Cloris *the Shepherdeſs.*

Clor. You have forgot then, *Dorus*, your proteſt.
Dor. No, I have not, my *Cloris*, 'tis confeſs'd.
Clor. But yet, I ſaw you ſlide,
A garland, neatly ty'd,
Into *Urania*'s hand; let it ſuffice,
Though love be blind, lovers have many eyes.
Dor. Will you appear ſo ſtrangely full of paſſion?
Clor. I have cauſe to fear, diſſembled love's in faſhion
Dor. Then, why did you, I pray,
With *Strephon*, ſport, and play?
You kiſs'd, and dance'd, 'till day was paſt its prime,
And all the while, my heart did beat the time.
Clor. May I not dance, or harmleſly be kiſs'd?
Dor. So I may chance give garlands, if I liſt.

Clor.

Clor. But, when you are ſo free,
Methinks, you ſteal from me:
For every lover, will this text approve,
'There's charity in all things, but in love.'

Dor. That day the ſtorm fell, to be true, you ſwore.

Clor. When the ſun ſhined again, you vow'd much more.

Dor. Thoſe faithful vows I made,
Were, by yourſelf, betray'd:
For, I have learn'd to know it is my due,
To be no conſtanter in love, than you.

CHORUS.

Then jealouſies be gone, and keep my ſheep,
Leſt that the wolf ſhould make their number ſmall,
But of my love, nothing command ſhall keep;
But Cloris's *will, and* Cloris's *will is all.*

Enter Amintas, Strephon, *and* Dorilas.

Amint. Shepherd, thy love is moſt unnatural;
For nature does command friendſhip's obſervance:
But by the fond deſires thy heart is fill'd with,
Thou proveſt thyſelf ungrateful.

Dor. That character was never coveted,
Nor muſt I wrong my innocence ſo much,
Not to demand a reaſon of this ſlander.

Amint. I will produce the truth; thou would'ſt profeſs,
A witneſs 'gainſt thyſelf: How oft have I,
With care, and induſtry, preſerved thy flock?
And, when thy tender lambs have been in danger,
How many times have I oppoſed the wolf,
And made my ſtrength defender of their weakneſs?
And, when thyſelf haſt follow'd idle paſtimes,
Thy flocks, and mine, have ſtill been twined together,
'Till, by my vigilance, I have inſtructed
The enemies to ſhepherds, and their flocks,
They were to fear me, as thy ſheep did them.
Nor have I had a thought (except thoſe dear ones

That have been buſy'd by *Oenone*'s virtues)
Which has not ſtill paid tribute to thy friendſhip.

Dor. You then would have prerogative in love,
And leave no priviledge to me, but friendſhip:
If you allow *Oenone* virtuous,
And that her eyes have power to pierce all hearts,
Why ſhould the man, which you will call a friend,
Be baniſh'd from the bleſs'd ſociety
Of thoſe who are her ſervants? 'twere a crime
Againſt her beauty, to believe ſhe ſhould
Merit but one man's ſervice: He which reigns here,
I know, muſt love, and that neceſſity
Makes rivals neceſſary.

Streph. 'Tis a truth,
I muſt acknowledge; pardon me, my friend,
I find the nymph *Oenone*, is too worthy;
Yet, her perfections, were they centupled,
Shall not diſſolve, nor in the leaſt diminiſh,
What has been formerly eſteem'd a triumph,
Which is, a perfect friendſhip.

Dor. In that confidence,
Thus we unite again. But who comes here?

Enter Hobbinal, *with a paper in his hand.*

Streph. 'Tis *Hobbinal*;
One that believes 'tis but *Oenone*'s duty,
Directly to confeſs herſelf beholding
To him, for his affection: He ſuppoſes,
That his deſerts are greater than her beauties,
And is as confident the fair nymph loves him,
As we are that ſhe does not; yet his fortune
Is more to be commended than our fate;
For ſhe is pleaſed to ſmile at his rude actions;
The beſt of our endeavours are not valued.

Dor. What paper's that he ruminates upon?
Let us obſerve a little

Hobb. 'Tis a ſtrange thing, I find myſelf out every day more than other, to be one of the underſtandingeſt, ſweeteſt, neateſt, and compleateſt ſheperds, that ever took hook in hand. T'other day, I ſaw my face in a pail of water,

water, and I had much ado to forbear drowning of myſelf. 'Tis no wonder then, that the beauteous nymph, *Oenone*, makes much of me, and lets all the other ſhepherds ſhake their ears like aſſes: And the truth is, if I can find never a handſomer, ſhe ſhall ſerve the turn. This was her birth-day, ſhe being born in the year, one thouſand, ſix hundred, — nay, hold a little; — but on this day of the month it was, winter, or ſummer; in the honour of which, we all keep holiday; and, therefore, for the credit of her beauty, and the honour of my own poetry, I have made ſuch a copy of verſes on her, as will make her a thouſand times handſomer than ever ſhe was in her life. —— I will peruſe them now, with the eyes of underſtanding.

He reads.

Oenone *fair, whoſe beauty does enrich us,*
Tell me the cauſe why thou doſt ſo bewitch us!
On this day thou wert born, though not begotten;
This day I'll think on, when th' art dead, and rotten:
And, though thy coyneſs, and thy pretty ſcorn,
Makes many wiſh, that thou had'ſt ne'er been born;
Yet, for my own part, this I'll ſwear, and ſay,
I wiſh thy time of birth were every day.

If ſhe do not run mad for love of me now, 'tis pity ſhe ſhould have verſes made on her as long as ſhe lives.

Streph. Let's interrupt him. — *Hobbinal*, well met.

Hobb. It may be ſo.

Dor. But why ſo ſtrange, man? I hope you will remember we are your fellow ſhepherds.

Hobb. You were once; but now, I command you to know, I am a maſter ſhepherd; for the fair nymph, *Oenone*, that makes all your mouths run over with water, does acknowledge me to be both maſter and miſtreſs.

Streph. In part, 'tis true; yet, if you well conſider, ſhe makes you but her ſport; no otherwiſe.

Hobb. If ſhe make me her ſport, 'tis more than ever ſhe can make of thee, for thou art one of the ſow'reſt look'd fellows that ever crept out of a vinegar-bottle.

Enter Oenone.

Dor. Here comes the faireſt *Idæ* ever nouriſh'd!

Hobb. I will accoſt her.

Streph. Forbear a while, good *Hobbinal*

Oenone. It was my fault,
To be ſo credulous; but 'twas his ſin,
To be ſo laviſh of his proteſtations]
Oh! *Paris, Paris!* thy inconſtant nature
Argues the fickleneſs which poets fancy
In women, but a fiction.
I that have formerly acknowledg'd thee
The only perſon meriting reſpect,
Muſt now, produce this thy particular falſhood,
As one to dare example: Let no more
The ſhepherds be at ſtrife to pleaſe *Oenone*;
Let every *May*-pole meeting, every feaſt,
Be honour'd by a happier nymph than I,
To be the miſtreſs of thoſe harmleſs paſtimes.

Dor. Hail to the nymph that graces *Idæ*'s vale!
Accept my ſervice at this day's ſolemnity.

Streph. And if the ſame, from me, can be accepted,
Nothing ſo pleaſing is, as to preſent it.

Hobb. Ay, you may talk as finely as you will, but when I come to ſpeak once, you will be kick'd off.

Oenone. What you profeſs, may well claim an acceptance.

Hobb. Now will I ſee who is the moſt deſerving ſhepherd in all the vale of *Idæ.*—Little rogue, how doſt thou?

Oenone. O, *Hobbinal,* you are welcome; I thought you had forgot me; you are my ſport, and ſhould be ever near me.

Hobb. Look you there; I am her ſport, ſhe ſays: When will ſhe give any of you ſuch an honourable title. But ſport, I do not think but thou art a conjurer, or a witch, or a devil, at leaſt; for thou haſt infuſed ſuch a combuſtion of poetry in my head, that, I fear, I ſhall never be my own man again, nor my maſter's neither. — There's a copy of verſes; read 'um: Nay, they are my own, as ſure as my name's *Hobbinal.*

Oenone. I thank you, ſport; I'll ſtudy a requital.

Enter Amintas, Dorus, Amarillis, Cloris, *and* Phillis.

Amint. Fair one! we come to celebrate this day
With other ſhepherds, who admire, and joy,
To know ſo fair a creature as yourſelf,
At this time of the year, made the world happy!

Phill. And we, as bound to honour you
(The faireſt that ever graced our ſex)
Are come to attend upon your recreations.

Oenone. Your expreſſions,
As they cauſe bluſhes, do exact a thanks.

Dor. Honour me
With your fair hand, nymph, that I may lead
The way to all thoſe paſtimes which will follow.

Oenone. The honour is to me, and I accept it.

Hobb. I'd laugh at that: No, ſport, I'll dance with thee myſelf.

Oenone. Some other time,
By chance, I may be at leiſure.

Hobb. Will you not? well, by this hand then, I'll ſtand out, and laugh at every thing you do, right, or wrong. [*A dance.*
Pſhaw waw, this dancing is like my mother's mare's trot. Sport, ſhall I ſhew thee a dance of my own faſhion?

Oenone. It cannot but content.

Hobb. Nay, I know that: Heark hither, lads.

Oenone. Thus I beguile my paſſion, ſhadowing over
With a falſe veil of mirth, my real ſorrows:
For, when time takes an end, not all the ſtories

Which ever did lament forſaken lovers,
Shall ſhew a parallel to my misfortune:
My griefs ſhall ſtay, when all my joys depart,
And nothing but ſad thoughts ſhall fill my heart.

[Hobbinal, *and the ſhepherds, dance a morris.*

Hobb. How like you this, ſport?

Oenone. Beyond expreſſion, ſport:
I ſee your virtues were conceal'd too long.

Hobb. Ay, ſo they were; but I mean to ſhew them every day, as faſt as I can. But, ſirrah ſport, yonder's God *Pan*, with a company of the braveſt ſatyrs that ever wore horns on their heads. Come, ſhepherds, let's go make them drunk, and ſaw off all their horns. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pan.

Pan. Hail to the nymph that graces *Ida*'s vale!
Whoſe beauty adds a luſtre to all thoſe
That do acknowledge *Pan* as their chief patron!
Not any ſatyr, henceforth, for thy ſake,
Shall own the nature he was bred withal;
But all their actions ſhall be, like thy beauty,
Smooth and delightful! and, when thou command'ſt,
Sweet *Philomel*, ſhall quite forget her rape,
And, overcome with joy that thou art preſent,
Join with the other birds, in chearful notes!
The very trees ſhall entertain no whiſper
From the rude winds, but what ſhall pleaſe thy ear;
And, when thou ſpeak'ſt, the beaſts ſhall dance more nimbly
Than when the *Thracian Orpheus*, charm'd their ſenſes:
And, every object that can yield delight,
Shall be *Oenone*'s vaſſal: In the mean time,
I, and thoſe ſatyrs that attend my perſon,
Will move in dance, to let *Oenone* find,
She can make gentle, a rough ſatyr's mind.

Oenone.

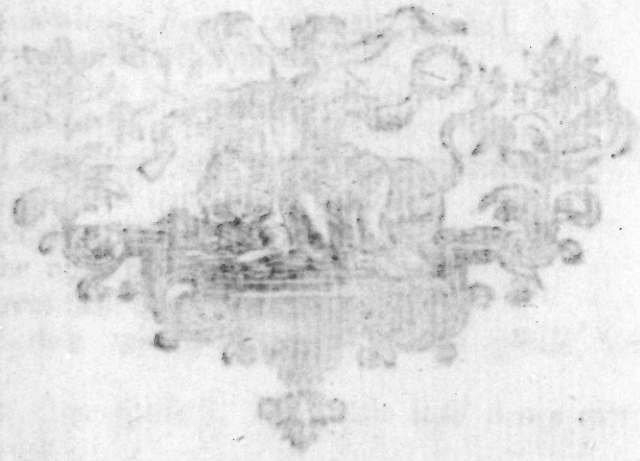
Oenone. Since my weak fortune knows no retribution
But my weak thanks, accept them, being preſented

Pan. Approach then, ſatyrs, and let each one ſtrive
To expreſs the ſervice due to *Oenone.*

[*A dance of ſatyrs.*

Oenone. Now honour me, to grace my bower a while,
Where I will ſtrive to let my patron prove,
How fain I would be grateful to his love.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*



THE HUMOUR OF *JOHN SWABBER.*

INTERLUDE The FOURTH.

Names of the Perſons.

FRANCISCO, } *Two Gentlemen.*
GERARD, }

JOHN SWABBER, *a Seaman.*

CUTBEARD, *a Barber.*

PARNEL, John Swabber's *Wife.*

Two or three Neighbours Wives.

THE

THE HUMOUR OF *John Swabber.*

INTERLUDE the 4th.

Enter Franciſco, *and* Gerard, *ſeverally.*

GERARD.

FRANCISCO, well met; whither in ſuch haſte?

Franc. I am going to a feaſt; where, if you pleaſe, you ſhall be welcome too.

Ger. I am willing to believe you, and will wait on you.

Franc. I'll promiſe you a diſh of mirth, that's all; and, if my hopes delude me not, well dreſs'd too; ſo quaintly reliſh'd, that it will provoke a laughter far above thy ſpleen to ſuffer.

Ger.

Ger. How can theſe times afford ſuch entertainment?

Franc. Why, I'll inform you: 'Twas yeſterday, my luck to be encounter'd by a ruſtick ſeaman (or one, at leaſtwiſe, of as courſe condition.) This fellow, like a perfect ſon of folly, began to rail extremely, at his fortune, and would needs make me judge of his abuſe.—— I have, ſays he, about ſome two years ſince, marry'd a wife, (I am a ſailor, I;) and, in my abſence, ſhe hath got a trick to make me cuckold, whether I will or no:—— A barbarous barber, makes a beaſt of me,—— *Cutbeard* his name, whom I do vow to be the cut-throat of.

Ger. I know the fellow well; he lives cloſe by: But on, I pray.

Franc. I finding, that his humour might produce ſomething worth laughing at, encouraged him: He, like a bladder that is ſwell'd with blowing, was ſtraight puff'd up into a deſperate humour; ſo that he vow'd, this day, for a revenge:—And hereabout, I am to meet this *Hercules.*

Ger. It cannot chuſe but produce excellent mirth, which I'll aſſiſt, with all my beſt endeavours.

Enter John Swabber, *arm'd with a ſword, a gun, a ſpit, a pair of tongs, and other ridiculous weapons.*

Fran. See, he is come, loaden with ſeveral inſtruments of death: He means to play a prize with him, I think. Well, *John*, I ſee you are prepared for murder; have mercy on the barber, I ſay.

Swabb. No, I ſcorn it; I will have no mercy: He has made a whore of a wond'rous honeſt woman; and a cuckold of one, that, for ought I know, might have been a courtier. For which abominable deed, I ſcorn to ſhew myſelf a chriſtian; for I do mean to uſe him worſe than a *Jew* would.

Franc. Nay, but conſider, he's a man howe'er, and you can boaſt yourſelf to be no more, although you have the ſpirit of a giant: You have brought weapons here, as if

if you meant to kill him twenty times. Troth, 'tis too much.

Swabb. If I bate him an ace of forty, call me coxcomb: I will draw his teeth one by one, with an inſtrument call'd, *a pair of tongs*; then let him blood in the right vein, and bid the devil take him, at his own peril.

Franc. Let me prevail with thee to calm thy rage, and take acquaintance of this gentleman, a worthy friend of mine.

Swabb. Do you long to be acquainted with me, ſir?

Ger. By any means, ſir.

Swabb. 'Tis granted then; I'll toſs a can, or a pot, with you, as ſoon as I have diſpatch'd this bawdy barber: — Would he were dead, that my buſineſs might be over.

Ger. What's your profeſſion, ſir? and how may I call you?

Swabb. I am a ſeaman, ſir; my name is *John Swabber*; — an officer of the ſhip, ſir.

Ger. I cry you mercy, ſir.

Swabb. Nay, never cry for the matter. — But I had forgot this barber all this while. Barber, come forth, or, by the beard of thy great grandfather, I ſwear, I will ſo ſhaſhado, maſhado, paſhado, and carbinado thee, that thou ſhalt look like a gillimafry, all the days of thy life. Come forth, I ſay.

Cutb. within. Why, neighbour *Swabber*, who provokes you thus? — what do you mean? — who has offended you?

Swabb. Oh! ſlave of all ſlaves! who has offended me? Why, thou baſe, beaſtly, boiſterous, *Babylonian*, bawdy-faced barber! thou haſt; thou haſt made me fit to chew the cud with oxen! climb the mountains with wild goats! and keep company with none but ram-headed people! for which I will tie thee up, on the next ſign-poſt! and there thou ſhalt hang a twelvemonth and a day, alive! for an example to all ſuch notable ſhavers! but, if thou comeſt, and ſubmiteſt to my mercy, I will do thee the favour to let thee hang 'till thou be dead!

Ger. *Franciſco*, heark. — I'll pawn my life, this fellow's a rank coward; keep you his fury up, and I'll perſuade the barber to a greater vein of roaring than e'er was practiſed by a ſuburb blade; I'll make him, at the leaſt, ſeem valiant, fear not. [*Exit.*

Franc. Do, if it be poſſible; I'll hold him in diſcourſe. But, Mr. *Swabber*, what think you if he does compound with you, will you be won to take an arm or two, or both his legs, and ſave his other members?

Swabb. Piſh, tell not me; 'tis neither his arms nor his legs that I ſtand upon: He has cauſed me to go in danger of my life; for, t'other day, I had an occaſion to paſs by a worſhipful gentleman's pack of hounds; they no ſooner look'd upon my forehead, but they came at me in full cry! and I, for fear, left ſuch a ſcent behind me, that they came after me as perfectly by it, as if I had been a ſtag! and if I had not got ſhelter of a houſe, without doubt, I had been preſented to ſome great man for veniſon! and my haunches had been baked by this time.

Franc. You were in danger there, I muſt confeſs.

Swabb. And the butchers dogs ſtill take me for a bull! and fetch ſuch courſes at me! — and all this, the barber is the cauſe of.

Franc. I would revenge it: Were I as you, he ſhould not have a tool left him to work with.

Swabb. No, nor to play with neither; I'll have an inch of every tool he has. Barber, come forth, and let me kill thee upon fair terms, or elſe I will enter thy houſe by force, pitch thee down the ſtairs, and ſend thee of an errand, headlong! And, if thou doſt ſubmit to my mercy, I will ſhave thee to death with thy own razor! therefore, take heed. — So now, let him come, if he dare.

Enter Gerard.

Ger. Well, now, I ſee, there is no hope to appeaſe him; blood muſt enſue, and death will take its courſe!

Swabb. With whom? What's the matter?

Ger. The barber is preparing for the combat; he has took his pole to ſerve him for a lance, and one of his

his baſons for a buckler, and vows to make you the wind-mill, whilſt he plays *Don Quixote* againſt you furiouſly!

Swabb. A wind-mill! — I'll be gone!

Franc. You will not offer that, ſure. What, afraid!

Swabb. Would it not make any one tremble with the thought on't? firſt to be made a cuckold! then a wind-mill? No, I'll be gone, and come again to kill him, when I can find him in a better humour.

Franc. Conſider what you do: He'll call you coward; proclaim you cuckold ſtill, in every ale-houſe; and what diſgrace will that be?

Swabb. I care not; 'tis better be a cuckold than a wind-mill! If he had meant to make a fool, a puppy, or an aſs of me, or any ſuch chriſtian like creature! 'twere another matter; but to be made a wind-mill of! and never to be reſpected but when the wind blows, is not to be endured! therefore, let him make wind-mills of my weapons, if he will; for my own part, I'll defend myſelf with my heels. [*Throws down his weapons.*

Ger. Come, I have brought him to a better temper; he will come arm'd with nothing but a razor; with which, if he does ſlit your wezand-pipe, it will not be amiſs to take it patiently.

Swabb. Let him not ſpoil my drinking, and I care not; but, heark you, if you ſhould let him hurt me, I ſhould be as angry as a tyger.

Enter Cutbeard, *with a razor.*

Cutb. Where is this ſlave that has provoked my rage to his deſtruction? I will ſwinge this boor! then hang him up for bacon in my chimney! and ſend him to be broil'd for *Pluto*'s breakfaſt!

Swabb. Why this is worſe than to be made a wind-mill! Do you hear, ſir, if ever you had the fit of an ague upon you, or ever knew the trembling of a man troubled in conſcience, that would be loath to die 'till he had made even with the world, conſider me! Alas! ſir, I have my rent to pay yet, and if I ſhould be ſent to hell of an er-

rand, they'll like my company ſo well, I ſhould never come back again. —— Pray, perſuade him to ſend me to *Jeruſalem*, — or *Jerico*, — or any of thoſe places nearer hand.

Franc. Why, canſt not thou excuſe thyſelf? where's thy brains?

Swabb. Alas! my brains are fallen into my breeches! but, if you'll ſtand between me and harm, I'll venture to reconcile myſelf to him. — *Cut*, — honeſt *Cutbeard*, didſt not thou think I was in earneſt all this while.

Cutb. Whate'er thou wert, thou ſhalt be nothing, preſently! death waits for thee! Come quickly, I command thee.

Swabb. Sir, —— pray, perſuade Mr. *Death* to have patience for a matter of forty or fifty years more! for I have a great deal of buſineſs to do in this world yet.

Cutb. Shall I be dally'd with? let me approach him; for all the intreaties of the world ſhall not preſerve him paſt ſix minutes.

Swabb. One minute is paſt already, —— and there's two.

Franc. Nay, pr'ythee, *Cutbeard*, be more merciful.

Swabb. Three, — four, — five.

Ger. Will no intreaties ſerve? —— then take your courſe.

Swabb. Six! O, now I am gone!

Cutb. If he ſubmit, he may live; let him know it. — Doſt thou acknowledge thy own cowardize, and my heroic valour?

Swabb. O, mighty *Hercules!* I confeſs myſelf a pigmy, and will never think otherwiſe while I live; theſe gentlemen be my witneſſes.

Ger. Why then, all's well again. ——— Remember, *Cutbeard*.

Cutb. I'll ſpice him, fear not. — Give me thy hand, *Jack*, — thus do I graſp thy friendſhip.

Swabb. He graſps my hand deviliſh hard tho'.

Cutb. I here pronounce thy wife to be a *Venus*.

Swabb.

Swabb. O, rare! is my wife a *Venus!* that's more than ever I knew before! Why then, I will be her husband *Cupid.*

Franc. No, *Cupid* was her son.

Swabb. 'Tis no matter for that, he shall be her husband for once, and we two will get such abundance of young *Cupids,* that we'll make all the world in love with one another.

Cutb. Since we are reconciled, know, honest *Swabber,* that I will make the whole world dote on thee; I'll wash thy face, and powder thee to the purpose, and shave thee, if thou wilt, too.

Swabb. No, by no means: I dare not venture my throat under thy fingers; but for washing, and powdering, that all the world may be in love with me, I am content.

Cutb. Sit down then, in this chair, look on this powder; the snow is nothing to it; 'twill create such a complexion on thee, that no art did ever set upon the proudest lady.

Swabb. But, hearк you, *Cutbeard,* how shall I do to satisfy all the women that will follow me for kisses? if you make me too beautiful, my lips will be worn thread-bare before I can get home, and then *Parnel,* my own dear wife, will have the least share of her own sweet husband.

Cutb. For that we'll take a course. — Wink, wink, good *Jack,* my ball will search your eyes else.

Swabb. My eyes are honest, and fear no searching.

[Cutbeard *changes the powder, and blacks his face all over.*

Cutb. Now, I begin to sprucify thy phisognomy. — This powder was extracted from the phœnix, when she last burn'd herself, and is, indeed, the quintescence of odours.

Swabb. Nay, 'tis as odious as ever I smell'd, that's certain; good *Cutbeard,* let me have enough, I pr'ythee.

Cutb. Nay, I'll spare no cost. — Judge, gentlemen, is he not strangely alter'd?

Ger. Paſt belief! I would not that my miſtreſs ſaw him now; my hopes would ſoon be cool'd then.

Swabb. I think ſo; but I would have you to take notice, I will have nothing to do but with great perſonages; for, I muſt not make myſelf common.

Franc. What this fellow will come to, no man knows yet; his fame, no doubt, will travel o'er all countries, and I am full reſolved, in my opinion, the queen of *Mauritania* will run mad for him.

Swabb. If ſhe run as mad as a *March* hare, ſhe gets not a bit; no, *Parnel*, and my neighbours, ſhall have all.

Cutb. Now, if the painters will draw *Adonis* out, let them come here for copies. So now, I have done.

Swabb. Pr'ythee, *Cutbeard*, lend me a looking-glaſs.

Cutb. By no means; what, did you never hear of one *Narciſſus*, how he pined away for love of his own ſhadow? No, go home; your houſe is hard by; let *Parnel* ſee you, and bleſs herſelf with wonder.

Swabb. Honeſt *Cutbeard*, this gentleman is a worthy friend of mine, pr'ythee, beſtow ſome of the ſame powder upon his face.

Franc. No, no, you ſhall be beautiful alone; 'tis beſt.

Swabb. *Parnel*, I come, and, if thou be'ſt not ſtupid,
Thou'lt ſay, *Jack Swabber* is a kin to *Cupid*.
[*Exit.*

Ger. Well, *Cutbeard*, thou haſt dreſs'd him handſomly; I'd give a crown that I were by, when firſt he finds what beauty he's adorn'd withal.

Cutb. This day I am to meet with pretty *Parnel*; pray heaven the fool be abſent when I come: Some two hours hence, if you will meet me, gentlemen, I'll tell you how he takes his tranſmigration.

Franc. We will not fail. Farewel. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Parnel.

Parn. I wonder that my barber ſtays thus long! Can he neglect me thus? Well, I will fit him; for, if he uſe me once again, thus baſely, I will caſhier him, and beſtow

beſtow my love upon ſome one more conſtant. Forty to one, but *Swabber* comes before him, and ſpoils all.

Enter Swabber, *very ſtately.*

Who's this, in the name of blackneſs? — The cloaths, and walk of my dear huſband! and I'll lay my life, he has got a vizard on! — Nay, pray now! indeed, you'll fright me preſently! take heed!

Swabb. She does not know me! that's excellent! — *Parnel,* believe I am fleſh and blood! I would not have thee take me for a goddeſs!

Parn. A goddeſs, quotha! a black one, if you be one! what haſt thou got upon thy face, I pr'ythee?

Swabb. Do not look too wiſtly upon me, *Parnel*; my beauty will put your eyes out, if you do; and then I muſt be at the charge of a dog and a bell, for you.

Parn. A dog and a fool's-head! pull off your vizard.

Swabb. Do not touch me, unleſs you make forty curtſies firſt. Come, kiſs me, and thou wilt be out of thy wits preſently.

Parn. Nay, then, I ſee 'tis a trick put upon him. I'll fetch you a glaſs; you ſhall behold your beauty. [*Exit.*

Swabb. Do, and I will venture to be in love with myſelf for once. How ſhall I requite honeſt *Cutbeard?* By this hand, he ſhall have the honour to be barber to all my wenches.

Enter Parnel, *with a glaſs.*

Parn. Are you not wond'rous fair? Look, and admire yourſelf.

Swabb. O, *Parnel, Parnel,* I am gull'd moſt baſely! I have not half ſo much beauty as a chimney-ſweeper. I'll kill the barber the firſt thing I do.

Parn. Was it the barber uſed thee thus?

Swabb. Ay, *Parnel,* 'twas he. I'll go fetch a company of my fellow ſailors, drag him out, and hang him up at the main-yard preſently! *Parnel,* farewel: If I be apprehended for the death of *Cutbeard,* whatever thou doſt, ſend me a clean ſhirt; for I ſhall have need on't. [*Exit.*

Parn.

Parn. Well, *Cutbeard*, I commend thee for this project; thou haſt dreſs'd him handſomely! would thou wert here, I would kiſs thee for the jeſt's ſake.

Enter Cutbeard.

O, are you come, ſir?

Cutb. I watch'd the time, my *Parnel*, and have found it. How does the gull become his feathers? ha!

Parn. As I would have him. O, *Cutbeard*, this kiſs, and this, for the device.

Cutb. Where is he, *Parnel*?

Parn. Why, gone abroad in his new-faſhion'd face, to fetch a gang of ſailors, who, he vows, ſhall hang thee up at the main-yard, and ſhall uſe thee worſe than the prentices a ſuburb-bawd, on a *Shrove-Tueſday*.

Cutb. And thoſe ſame water-rats, are deviliſh things! what a ſlave was I to uſe him ſo!

Parn. What canſt thou fear when I am in thy preſence? Away, you milk-ſop; hence from me; avaunt.

Cutb. Nay, gentle *Parnel*; by this hand, I'll fight with a whole army, if thou ſay'ſt the word: Pr'ythee, be reconciled.

Swabb. within. Why, *Parnel*, *Parnel*, here's thy own ſweet huſband; open the door, dear wife.

Parn. O me, my huſband's come! what ſhall I do?

Cutb. Let me into the well, if thou think'ſt good! or hang me in the chimney 'ſtead of bacon!

Parn. Alas! that's full of hazard. — No device!

Swabb. Why, huſwife, huſwife, muſt I wait half a day?

Parn. My petticoats are fallen off, but, I come, preſently. — O, I have thought: Come hither; put on this biggin, (I made it for my child that is at nurſe) and cram thyſelf into this cradle here. There is no other way; therefore, diſpatch.

Cutb. O, me, thou never think'ſt upon my beard! that will betray all preſently. [*A cradle ſet forth.*

Parn. Take you no care; I'll make him to believe you were born with it: Be quick, I ſay.

Cutb. Neceſſity compels me; ſend me off of this brunt once, I'll hunt the ſmock no more. Cover me cloſe, good *Parnel*.

Parn.

Parn. So, keep you cloſe, and when he prattles to you, ſneer in his face, and call him dad: Do you hear?

Enter Swabber.

Swabb. Why, you proud, peeviſh, petty, paltry *Parnel*, why did you make me ſtay ſo long?

Parn. I made what haſte I could; but the child cry'd ſo. —

Swabb. The child! what child? have you got baſtards here?

Parn. Baſtards! they are your own then. *Simon*'s come home (the boy I had a twelvemonth ſince by you) he was born when you were at ſea.

Swabb. Is he brought home? as I'm an honeſt man, I'm glad on't. Let me ſee him, *Parnel.*

Parn. Look, here he is; the goodlieſt boy! and even as like thee, *John*, as if thou hadſt begot him all thyſelf.

Swabb. Whoop, here's a boy of a twelvemonth old! If he grow but thus much this next year, he'll be able to fight with a giant preſently. But, *Parnel*, he has got a great beard too; how comes that?

Parn. Why, he was born with it: Many children are ſo; and 'tis ſign he will be a man betimes: A wiſe, diſcreet one too.

Cuth. Dad, dad, dad.

Swabb. Nay, 'tis a wiſe child, I perceive that; for he calls me dad, at firſt ſight! Good *Parnel*, fetch me ſome milk for him; I'll ſee him eat.

Parn. He had milk, but juſt now: Pr'ythee, *John*, be patient.

Swabb. You are a fool! he has been ſtarved at nurſe, and we muſt make him fat. Fetch ſome, I ſay.

Parn. I will not; truly, *John*, you'll ſpoil the child.

Swabb. I ſaw ſome ſtand in the next room; I'll fetch it myſelf, ſo I will. [*Exit.*

Parn. What will you do? you muſt endure with patience: I mingled batter but juſt now, for pancakes, and that he'll bring, as certain as I live.

Cuth. I ſhall be cramm'd to death! mercy on me!

Parn. He comes; lie cloſe again.

Enter

Enter Swabber, *with a great bowl of batter, and a ladle.*

Cutb. Dad, dad, dad.

Swabb. Ay, mine own boy; here's milk for thee, *Simon.* [*Throws it in, by ladles full.*
Look, *Parnel*, look how greedily he eats it.

Parn. Now, fy upon you, *John*, you'll choak the child.

Swabb. I mean to make him grow as high as *Paul's*, and ſhew him for a wonder, in *Bartholomew* fair! Fetch me ſome more milk; this is all gone.

Parn. What, do you think I'll murder the poor infant?

Swabb. By this hand, I'll go to the milk-woman, and fetch him a whole gallon. [*Exit.*

Parn. Up quickly, and be gone; for, when he comes, he'll choak you, without fail.

Cutb. A pox upon him! never was child fed thus! But what will you do now?

Parn. Do not you fear; I'll fetch my own child; 'tis at a neighbour's houſe, and ſay the fairies have exchanged it.

Cutb. Send thee good luck. Farewel, ſweet *Parnel.* [*Exit.*

Parnel *fetches in a little child, and lays it in the cradle.*

Parn. So, if this child will ſerve him for a *Simon*, all will be well again.

Enter Swabber, *with more milk.*

He comes. — Oh! *John!* ——

Swabb. Come, give me *Simon* on my lap; I'll feed him 'till his guts crack again.

Parn. Alas! I went but i' th' next room, and, in the mean time, the fairies have exchanged him. Look what a little thing they have left in's place.

Swabb. I'll have none on't; go fetch me *Simon*, and tell the fairies, I'll indict them at the ſeſſions for this. Oh! *Simon, Simon*, what's become of thee?

Parn. Nay, pr'ythee, take not on ſo.

Swabb. The goodlieſt boy of his age that ever man ſaw! Pſhaw, this has ne'er a beard; I'll ha' none on't.

Enter Franciſco, Gerard, Cutbeard, *neighbours wives.*

Franc. Why, how now, *Jack*; what, in a paſſion? ha! 'twas

'twas I black'd thy face to day, for mirth ſake, and thou did'ſt think 'twas *Cutbeard*.

Swabb. I care not for my face; *Simon* is gone, that had a beard as big as *Cutbeard*'s here: The fairies have exchanged him; and look what a chitty-face they have left in's room! a thing of nothing, for him!

Ger. Come, you muſt uſe this they have left, with courteſy; for, they will whip *Simon* every day i' th' week, elſe. I know the nature of them.

Swabb. Will they ſo? Nay then, I muſt make much on't.

Franc. And now, you muſt be friends with *Cutbeard* too.

Swabb. With all my heart; for I am angry with none but the fairies, now.

Ger. We have brought muſick, and ſome neighbours with us, and mean to have a dance. Come, *John*.

Swabb. I can dance nothing but a melancholy dance; for, I am in a grievous dump for *Simon* ſtill.

Ger. I warrant thee. Strike up, there. [*A dance.*

Franc. Why, that's well done; no time is counted loſt,
Where civil mirth is gain'd, with ſuch ſmall coſt.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*

FINIS.